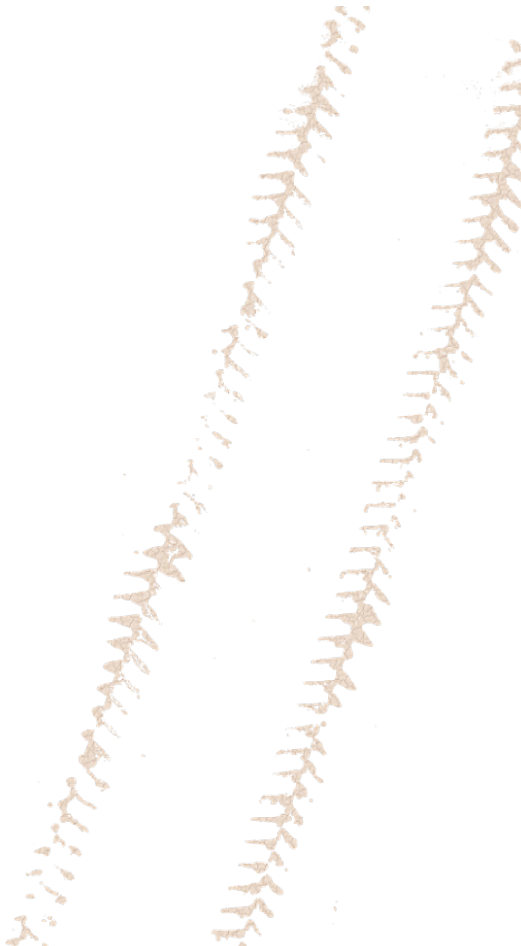
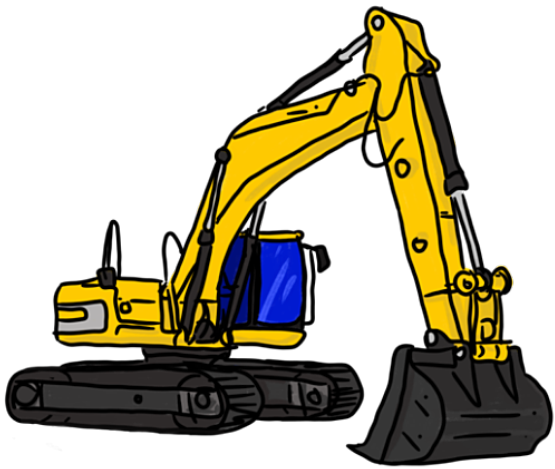
WHERE IS MY TRUCK

Where is your truck?
We will both look,
we will find it,
with any luck.

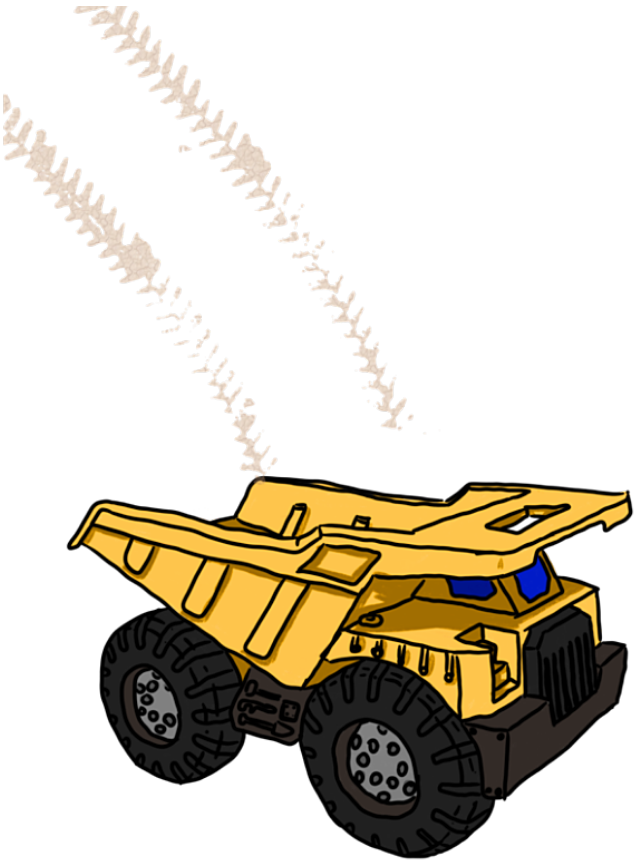


Look, straight ahead,
where tracks have led.
It's not your truck,
we were misled.



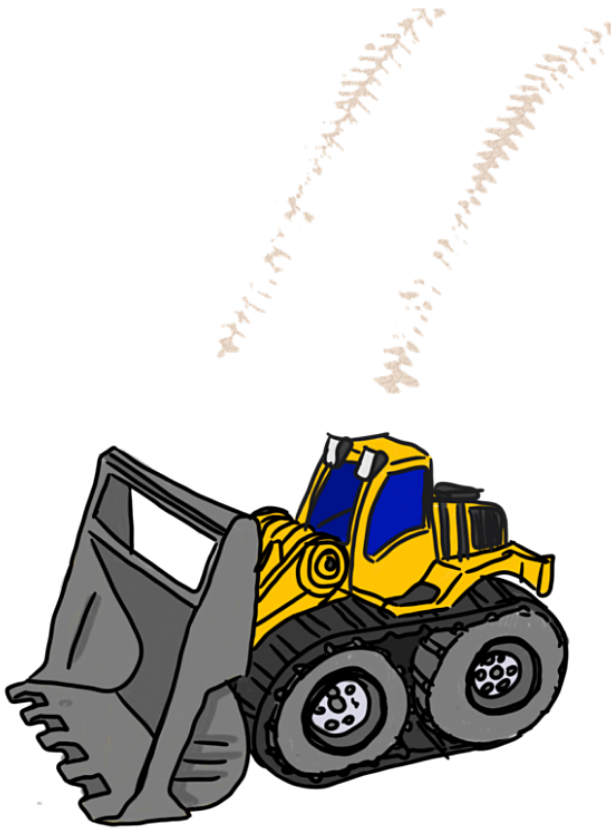
The tracks go right,
through the grit,
right off the page,
and out of sight.

They're here again,
but here they end.
Your truck's not here,
where is it then?



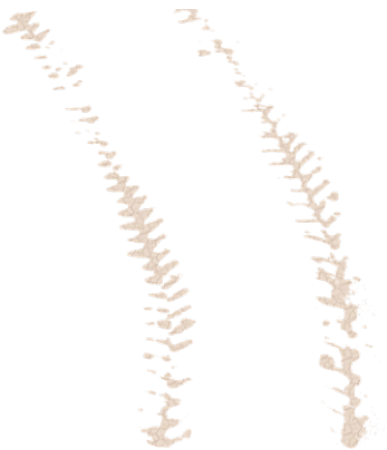
More tracks are here,
they go left there,
then they turn round,
toward the rear.

There, can you see,
ahead of me,
is that your truck?
It cannot be.



Tracks from tyres,
again lead us,
so to follow,
the tracks we must.

We must be close.
Look here at this,
it's not a truck,
it is a bus.



Let's go, come-on,
to where we're shown.
The tracks show where,
the truck has gone.

What's that I spy?
Look there, nearby.
No, not your truck,
we will retry.

The tracks we saw,
there are no more,
so where's your truck?
There, on the floor!

We found your truck,
with a good look.
Finding it was,
a stroke of luck.